

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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DEMOCRATIC CITY TICKET.

Mayor.
RICHARD H. MORRIS.
At-Large.
WILLIAM H. BRAMEL.
Recorder.
JOHN S. CRITCHLOW.
Treasurer.
JOSEPH E. CAINE.
Auditor.
M. F. CUNNINGHAM.
DEMOCRATIC COUNCILMANIC TICKET.
First Municipal Ward.
Long Term.
GRANVILLE GILBERT.
Short Term.
L. R. MARTINEAU.
Second Municipal Ward.
Long Term.
DAVID MARZETTS.
Short Term.
GEORGE G. SMITH.
Third Municipal Ward.
Long Term.
JOHN HOLLEY.
Short Term.
P. S. FERNSTROM.
Fourth Municipal Ward.
Long Term.
E. A. HARTENSTEIN.
Short Term.
W. J. TUDENHAM.
Fifth Municipal Ward.
Long Term.
DR. S. C. BALDWIN.
Short Term.
WILLIAM R. WALLACE.

THE THREE CANDIDATES.

It is one of the curiosities of a most curious campaign that no argument of any tangible sort is offered in support of either Thompson or Lynch, while every practical reason that should govern in the choice of a mayor is cited in Morris' favor.

The "Americans" urge the election of Thompson, because, they say, it is going to make everybody happy, bring "peace" to Salt Lake and bring on a great boom in realty values. When you ask them how or why, they have no response except a few beautiful generalities. They fought and are still fighting the only possible solution of the water question, a solution effected by Morris and being put into operation in time for the dry season next summer. They declare Salt Lake is unfit to live in, and they are ashamed to register from it when they go away. They offer no alternative for the Big Cottonwood proposition, declare conditions here are such that no outsider should be invited to make Salt Lake his home; and yet they are going to bring "peace" by the success of their party.

"Peace" by the election of Ezra Thompson, who was incompetent as a mayor, who spent \$250,000 of water bonds without adding a drop to the water supply; who made the ineffable Dooly his chairman of the board of public works and who established a record of four years in office without any gain to the community as a result.

"Peace" by the perpetuation of a Republican factional feud which has split the people of the state into discordant camps, brought obloquy to the city and state, polluted neighbor against neighbor and done its utmost to injure every citizen regardless of politics, occupation or religion.

"Peace" by the installation of a man who turned the city government over to Dooly and the mayor's secretary and distinguished himself chiefly by his inefficiency as an executive.

"Peace" by the election of a man who had to sell \$125,000 of city real estate and apply the proceeds to the payment of a deficit in his expenses.

Such peace as would come from the election of Thompson and the encouragement of the "American" wing of the Republican party would be the kind of peace that Salt Lake had when parties were founded on hate, on a desire to keep citizens from having any voice in the government; the peace of religious warfare, of social enmities, of ostracism in every vicious form.

And Lynch, what are the arguments in his behalf? One of the foolish ones is that he is the only man who can defeat Thompson. Why? Well, when you ask that no one can tell why. It certainly is not because of his personal qualifications for the office of mayor, nor because of his peculiar ability in any executive capacity. It can't be because he is distinguished by loyalty to men or principle since he is running against the man who appointed him to office and the man who has retained him in office. Nothing in his public career justifies the suspicion that he would make a good mayor. He took the nomination after a number of prominent Republicans had refused to accept it, he has held on to it in defiance of his personal obligation to Morris, his official obligation to keep the police force out of politics, and that wider obligation of common decency which would have compelled almost any other man to retire from office the moment he accepted the nomination.

The only attempt at argument is the citation of the figures of Roosevelt's election in which the Republicans carried Salt Lake; but those figures ignore the fact that at least 80 per cent of the

"American" vote this year will come from the Republicans, many of whom voted for Roosevelt last year, while the Democrats go into the fight united and confident of support from independent citizens of all political creeds who want the best man for mayor. In the face of the Republican defection to the "Americans" and the returns of two years ago, Lynch has about as much show of election as a jack-rabbit at a coursing match.

As for Morris: His election would mean genuine peace, if peace can be had through a good business administration of the city's affairs. It would retire to the background the Republican factions which have kept the state and city in a turmoil for two years; it would mean the completion of the Big Cottonwood water plan and the settlement of the city's most serious problem; the city has ever had. It would mean the election of J. E. Caine, of John S. Critchlow, of W. H. Bramel, of M. F. Cunningham—the list comprising the best and cleanest ticket ever put before the voters of Salt Lake. Finally, it would mean a Greater Salt Lake, a city of opportunities unembarrassed by factional fights in the municipal administration, a city to be proud of and boast of, a city to be proud of and fight for and register from with pride.

GREATER SALT LAKE IN SIGHT.

There's no escape from the fact that Salt Lake is going ahead faster than its best friends have realized, certainly faster than the cantankerous kickers will concede who have been doing their best to obstruct its growth. A new factory for the city was announced yesterday which involves an initial investment of \$35,000, will give employment to a number of men and add materially to the industrial strength of the community.

Why does the factory locate here? Simply because its owners know that the city is the best point for such an enterprise; because they know it is a natural distributing center, has the best railroad facilities, offers the best source of labor supply and has every advantage desired for such an establishment. Nor is there anything extraordinary about the influx of manufacturing concerns. The conditions all point to a growth in manufactures that would have come sooner if it had not been for the shortage in the city water supply. For years the heaviest obstacle to Salt Lake's growth and the location of manufactures here has been the impossibility of a guarantee that the water supply would be ample for all emergencies. Now that Mayor Morris and his administration have settled this question and guaranteed the delivery of plenty of water for next summer, there is no remaining obstruction to the city's growth.

That everybody realizes this is shown by the extraordinary activity in construction of all sorts, by the plans for enlargement of railroad terminals, the construction of big stations, the extension of shop facilities and the remarkable activity in every line demanding labor.

Greater Salt Lake is in sight, and Morris will be its mayor.

A COMPLAINT FROM HEBER.

An esteemed contemporary, the Wasatch Wave, published at Heber, complains that the Salt Lake papers "never mention the balance of the state of Utah, in connection with the growth and development of 'Greater Salt Lake,' etc., etc." Then the Wave, an enterprising paper for which we have the greatest respect, continues:

"A person unacquainted with the geography and conditions of the state would naturally think that the Greater Salt Lake papers that Salt Lake comprised the whole of Utah, except a few weeks and corners where were crowded together a few backwoods farm houses comprising Ogden, Provo, Park City, Logan and a few other small hamlets. But to one who is acquainted with this country it almost gives him an acute attack of that tired feeling."

"While Salt Lake is a beautiful city of thriving industries, enterprising people, a city that is rapidly forging to the front and is destined, we believe, to become in the not far distant future one of the foremost cities in the intermountain region, yet, there is not a possibility of other places in Utah some day becoming respectable villages."

It must be confessed that the Wave's point is, to some extent, well taken. Perhaps the Salt Lake papers do pay attention to the city to the exclusion of the state, but we desire to assure the Wave that there is an absence of intent on our part. We are naturally deeply interested in the welfare, the prosperity and the progress of Salt Lake City. But we are also interested in the progress and the prosperity of the state.

Both must go forward together. As surely as the sun shines the entire state prospers, directly and indirectly, when Salt Lake City prospers. The bigger this city becomes, the better the market will be for the products of the state. And many of the people attracted primarily by city advertisements will drift to the smaller places and make homes for themselves there.

We want Heber to grow, and we want all the other towns to grow. It is to Salt Lake's interest to have them prosper, for the more prosperous and populous they are the better able they will be to buy things from us, to visit us and to be friendly with us.

REGARDING PLATITUDES.

"To hell with platitudes," said Charles G. Dawes, former controller of the currency, at a meeting of bankers in Nebraska the other day. Mr. Dawes' expression was caused by the remarks of a speaker who immediately preceded him. This speaker, a banker, had said that he was tired of being obliged to continually defend the doings of high financiers, the thieves insurance officials, the manipulators of underwriting syndicates, the managers of criminal trusts.

This sort of talk is what Mr. Dawes denounced as "platitudes," and he went on to say: "There is no keener competition anywhere than there is among the packers, and I know the profits are the lowest possible." Our respect for Mr. Dawes' intelligence is not greatly increased by that statement. A federal grand jury has only recently indicted the members of the meat trust for conspiring to raise prices in violation of the anti-trust law. The packers, instead of meeting the issue squarely, after several of their number had been punished, are trying to escape on technicalities.

Now as to "platitudes." It has been shown that for years the affairs of

three great insurance companies have been grossly mismanaged, that the money of the policy-holders has been diverted into the pockets of the insurance magnates and their friends. Is the man who denounces a crime of this character and suggests the punishment of the offenders guilty of a "platitude"? The Standard Oil company is the most criminal monopoly that has ever grown up in this country. Is it a "platitude" to say so, and to insist on the passage of laws that will prevent further extortions, if the present laws are insufficient? There are other crimes of which our "captains of industry" have been guilty, but in the face of Mr. Dawes' stinging rebuke we hardly dare to mention them.

It seems to us, though, that Mr. Dawes has written himself an ass of variegated tints.

Trying to prove that Big Cottonwood is polluted and unfit for use is an "American" way of showing real friendship for the city's water supply.

Society.

Mrs. Charles G. Plummer entertained a number of the musicians of the city last evening at an informal reception for Mrs. Benita Sabin Somers-Cocks. The hostess was assisted by some of the musicians and some musical numbers were given by Mrs. Somers-Cocks, Willard Wehr, Hugh W. Dougall and Arthur Shepherd.

Lieutenant Royden E. Beebe entertained at a dinner at the Officers' club Thursday evening for Miss Sara Reid Park. The party being chaperoned by Mrs. H. R. Perry, Lieutenant and Mrs. W. E. Lund and Lieutenant Gallagher were the other guests.

Mrs. A. H. Boxed entertains today at luncheon for Mrs. Percy Somers-Cocks, the guests being a few of the close friends of the latter.

The Misses Elizabeth and Anna Harkins of Peotone, Ill., spent yesterday in the city, but he didn't think he was altogether out of the picture, Ferdie and Ferdie could gamble on that. There might be a few of 'em who could outdo their winning ways by making an early start, but if there were he hadn't met up with 'em, that's all.

All in all, it appeared from this cheerful youth's conversation that he was a real hard thing and speedster from the speedway, and no mistake. Seated beside and around the dissipated devil with the pink cheeks were half a dozen young married couples, all neighbors and friends who were open car riding in a party just for the fun of the thing. They listened they couldn't help themselves, shuddering to the shiver checked youth's account of his wayward career for a long time, and then they began to look at each other and grin.

Their pauses in the swift youth's conversation were filled in with such remarks as these from the surrounding seats:

"Isn't he just the horriddest thing?"
"Why, the wicked, crime-steeped, hoary-headed sinner!"
"Would you believe that such frightful evil existed in the world?"
"And he so young!"
"Now, isn't he just the ba-a-dest?"
"Isn't this sort of life terrific?"
"Who'd a think there were such base highrollers in Washington in the summer time?"
"What a mad, merry, riotous life he must lead!"
"Oh, the fascinating reprobate!"
"But maybe he was always good to father!"
"Does his conscience ever ache him, I wonder?"
"Why, the feverish, passionate gambler!"
"How does he stand such a horrible pace?"

All of these and many others. The young married folks in the surrounding seats never glanced at the sin-steeped young man at all. They appeared to be talking about some mutual acquaintance, when he turned about and glared at them. His ferocity of expression didn't appear to shiver any of the folks, however, and so he gave a vicious punch at the button of his coat. The car came to a stop at a cross-roads out in the woods.

"A lot of pikers!" hoarsely mumbled the vice-stained thing, as he stepped out of the car with a stunnet, and the tumultuous host that the young married folks sent after him must have awakened the sleeping birds in the forest.

Remark—The real dissipated devil never says a word.

She Drummed.
(Philadelphia Ledger.)
"My husband, you know," said Mrs. Nixdore, "is a drummer."
Indeed, he was. Mrs. Nixdore, "I thought it was your daughter."
"Oh, how do you mean?"
"I thought it was your daughter who used the piano."

With the Paragaphers.
About the Same Thing.
(Milwaukee Sentinel.)
A policy-holder who would surrender his policy now would be in the situation of the bank depositor who would throw his money at his banker's head because he was dissatisfied with the interest paid on his deposit.

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Cabinet officers have been instructed by the president not to talk to reporters. And there are four presidential aspirants in the cabinet fairly bursting to tell the public the things they are doing. Cruelty could not go to greater length.

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(Atlanta Constitution.)
Secretary Taft is authority for the statement that all the present given Miss Alice Roosevelt while abroad would not bring \$10 at an auction sale. It is evident the war secretary hasn't in his family one of those females with the auction habit.

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(Buffalo Express.)
The money spent by the Mutual to get its own reports of the investigation published may be another illustration of what President McKinley meant by his missionary function of a life insurance company.

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(Chicago Tribune.)
The Cleveland letter to Mayor McClellan bears the stamp of genuineness. "Demagogic manipulation" is unmistakably Groverian.

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Grover Cleveland has settled the question of the future of our ex-presidents. They shall become the bulwark of public opinion.

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Watch Ben Tillman's hands go up. The colored people of Chicago have issued a society blue book.

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The yellow fever mosquito went into his hole as soon as he got a good view of Mr. Roosevelt.

It Made Him Sick.
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Noisy—Aha! Here you are breaking your good resolution already.
Lushman—But all this whisky for "medicinal purposes" only.
Noisy—But you're not sick, surely?
Lushman—Yes, I am. I'm sick of the resolution I made.

SIX YEARS THE LIMIT.
Pittsburg, Nov. 3.—It was announced today by the district attorney's office that Edward G. Cunliffe, the express robber, would be sentenced on Saturday, Nov. 11. Cunliffe, who pleaded guilty to two charges of larceny, can only be sentenced to six years in the penitentiary.

A REAL BA-AD MAN.

How He Boasted of the Evil He Had Done.

(Washington Star.)
A quiet young man, with a peachy, cherubic countenance, was talking about himself in an open suburban car the other evening. He was telling his pal and seatmate—who was of the same general type—what an "awfully dissipated devil" he was. The pair had said about amidships of the open car, which was filled for folks out for the evening air.

This wicked, vice-stained young person—he was all of 20 years of age—with the cherubic frontispiece, was a sad dog and a rake and a rouse, and other terrible things too numerous to mention, to his pal. And he told it in a tone that all the rest of the people in the car couldn't help but hear. Horrifying? Well, what he didn't know about the ponies was very few indeed.

He had everybody on earth just about sewed in a gunnysack when it came to getting the kee-rect information about the gee-gees. Hiding the pipe? Oh, years ago. Could handle a yen-hok and cook dope pills better'n any Chink that ever lived in an underground San Francisco. The old reeve? Ay, he was on the water wagon for a spell. Had been up against the old stuff for four years steady—hadn't been to bed sober a single night in all that time. He bluffed professional short-story card players out of their eye-teeth, with nothing but eight-high in his mitt—well, he'd be riding on a white steam yacht of his own, he hadn't—just refused to dish the cards out of the box for him. Why? Oh, well, he'd put 'em out of business so often that they were afraid of his play, that's all.

And the ladies? Oh, he guessed he could hold his own—he guessed he could go some when it came to the ladies. Didn't claim to be the boss of the city, but he didn't think he was altogether out of the picture, Ferdie and Ferdie could gamble on that. There might be a few of 'em who could outdo their winning ways by making an early start, but if there were he hadn't met up with 'em, that's all.

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Saturday Skirt Sale



Among the many inducements which the section for ready-to-wear apparel offers today, are two decided bargains in skirts.

The first is a 33-gored skirt made of Panama cloth of excellent quality. Regular \$3.50, for \$4.95.

The second skirt is equally strong. The material is mannish mixtures in the blue, gray and tan effects. The skirt is 35-gored. Values up to \$7.50. \$4.95

Silk belts with gilt buckles in blue, brown, black and white. Special for Saturday 25c.

FULL LINE OF MEN'S BATH ROBES.

Special in Run-a-bouts

The Millinery Section has a clever offering today in neat run-a-bouts. The hats are of felt material, made in all the leading shapes and styles. Some are trimmed with quills, and some are tailor-made. They are very pretty and many of our customers who buy high-grade headwear have purchased these hats for occasional street wear.

\$1.45

Sweet grass baskets in all the new and novel shapes. Art Section.

50c and 65c belts in the lot. Perfumed ammonia, for the toilet or bath. Special, 15c bottle.

Men's Night Shirts

Plain white, blue and afores in outing flannel. They will keep you warm 75c

Men's Hosiery

Here is a value better than you are used to finding at 25 cents. It has the body, the wearing strength and the ideal weight for cold weather; not too heavy. The quality is there. Two-thirds worsted, double heel and toe; plain black, natural foot, natural and oxford 25c

Smoking Jackets

Handsome new line, palids, worsteds, chevrons and silks, all colors and sizes.

New Gloves

Complete new stock is now being shown, including golf gloves in plaid, checks, plain, stripes, as well as Scotch wool mittens.

In the Art Section will be found duchess, cluny and battenberg lace pieces, doilies, centerpieces and scarfs.

A Fearful Fate.

It is a fearful fate to have to endure the terrible torture of Piles. "I can truthfully say," writes Harry Colson of Massonville, Ia., "that for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles, Buckle's Arnica Salve is the best cure made." Also best for cuts, burns and injuries. 25c at Z. C. M. I. drug department.

HAVE UTRIDANAD IN THE HERALD'S WANT PAGE

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PORTIERES

French dry cleaned, bleached, modern cleaning and dyeing shop for ladies' and gentlemen's garments. PAUMIE'S PARISIAN DYE WORKS, 55 West First South. Phone 141 Y.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Capaba. Cures in 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. Sent by all druggists.

18 cts

Bass Woods--Ready to Burn

Boxes, ready to be burnt—all kinds and sizes. Last year we sold these boxes at 40c and 50c and then ran short. Special 25c

Brazilian point hand-made lace collars, exquisite for evening wear. Art Section.

150 cabinet wire hair pins for 10c. 10c cabinet wire hair pins, 5c. Warner's hose supporters, special 5c. Perfumed ammonia for the toilet or bath, 15c a bottle.

Reductions in Fine Stationery

Having bought a jobbers' complete stock of Eton Hulbut papers, we are in position to offer lowered prices; 25-cent and 35-cent values, in white and blue, ruled and unruled, at—

18 cts

75c Herald Want Ads Bring Results